

GOLD



10006-004
APRIL

THE FLINTSTONES

15c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES



Hanna-Barbera | **THE FLINTSTONES** *STONEAGE DROP-OUTS*



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. THE FLINTSTONES, No. 57, April, 1970. Published bi-monthly by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. \$1.00 per year; foreign subscriptions \$1.55 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.30 per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1970, 1964, 1963, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us six weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

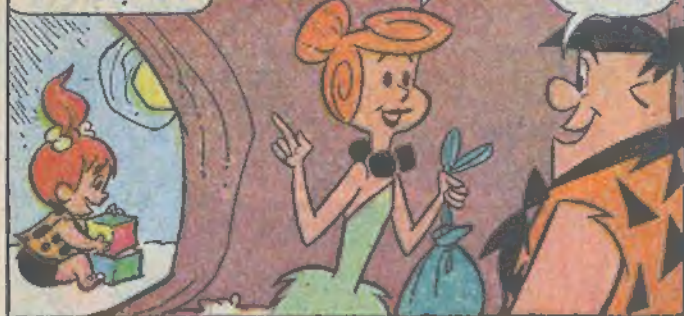
This Periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



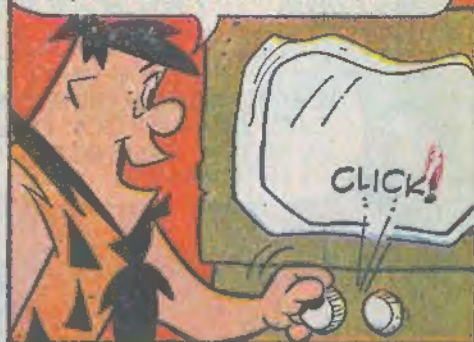
TRADEMARKS OF SCREEN GEMS, INC. Western Publishing Company, Inc. authorized user.

OH, FRED... I'M GOING SHOPPING!
WILL YOU WATCH PEBBLES WHILE
I'M GONE?

SURE
THING,
WILMA!



HEH! I'LL WATCH PEBBLES
BY LETTING *HER* WATCH TV!



THIS WAY I CAN STAY IN ONE
SPOT AND REST!

ABBA-DABBA-
DEE-BEE!



UNFORTUNATELY, FRED DRIFTS OFF TO
SLEEP WITH BARNEY'S YARD AS HIS LAST
VISUAL IMAGE!

AND SO HE
DREAMS...

GRRR...



EVAPORATE, BARNEY... DRY UP!

OKAY, FRED... HAVE IT
YOUR WAY THEN!

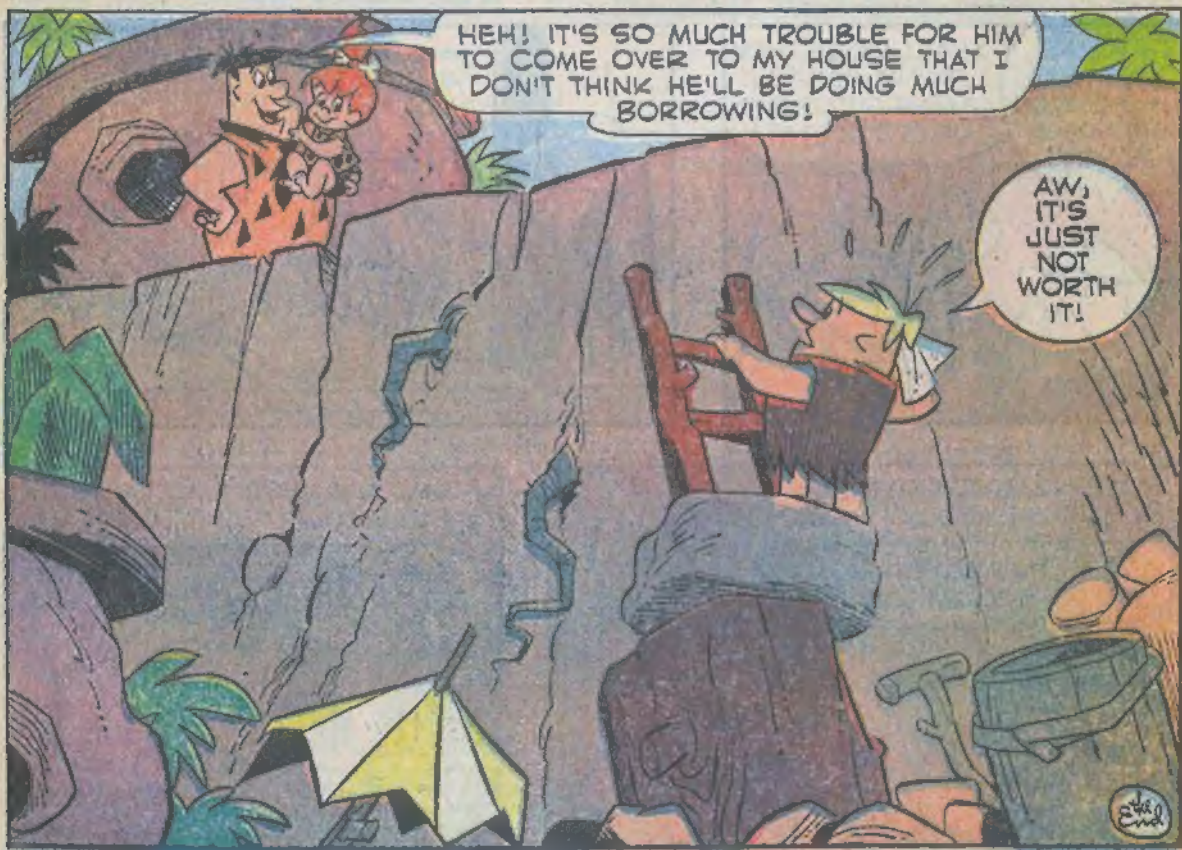








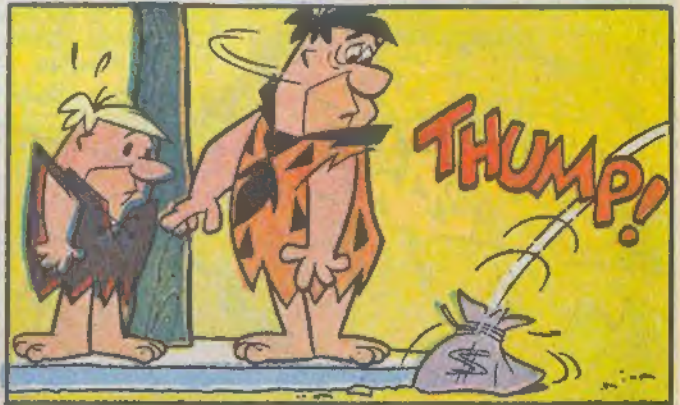


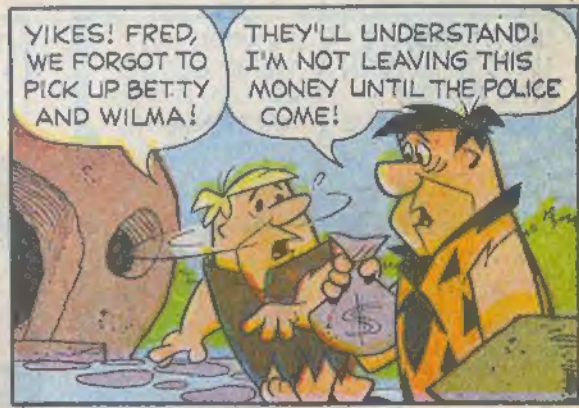
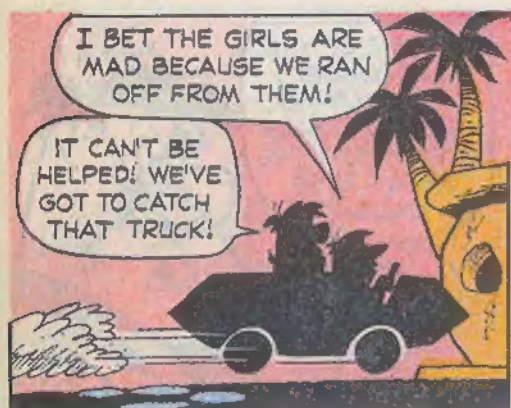


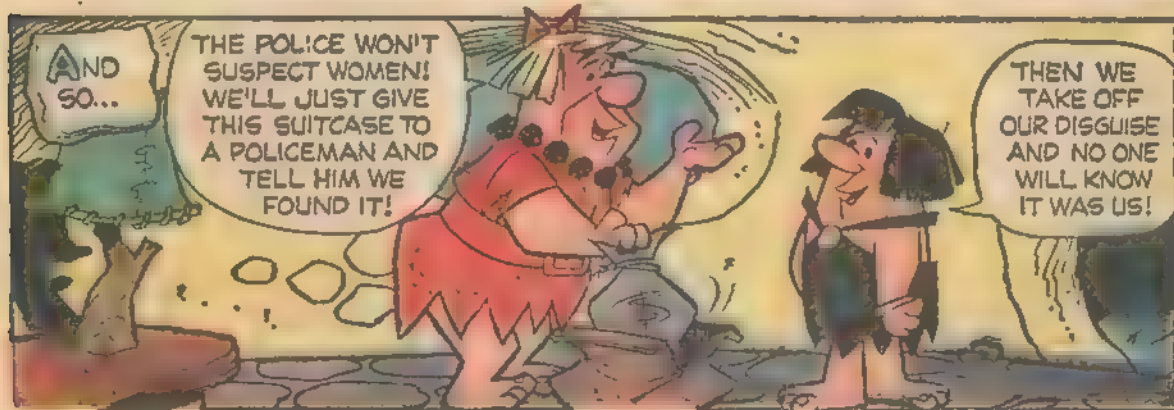
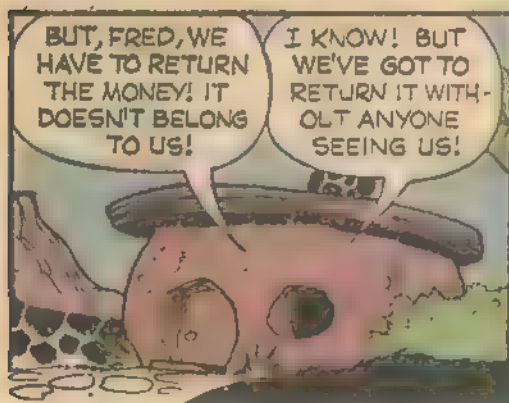
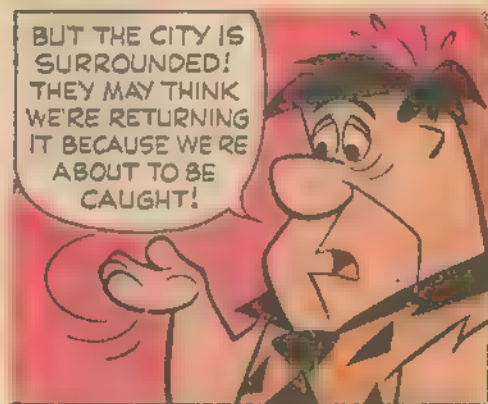
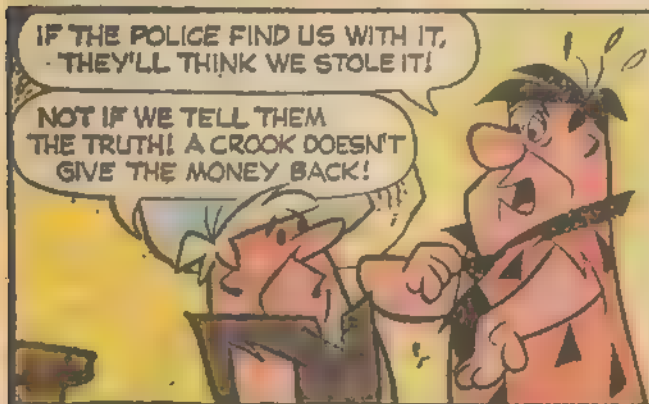
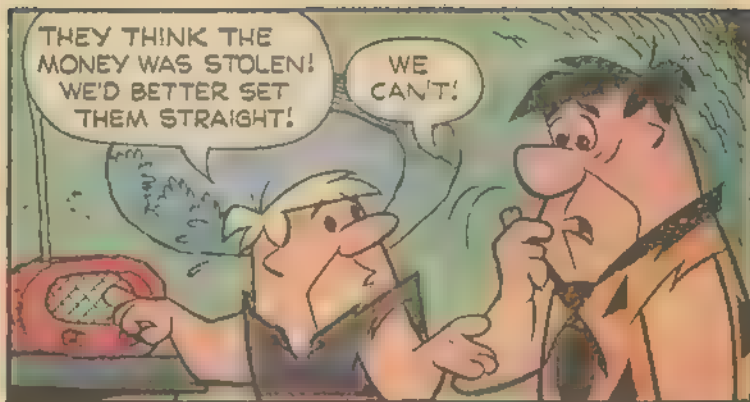
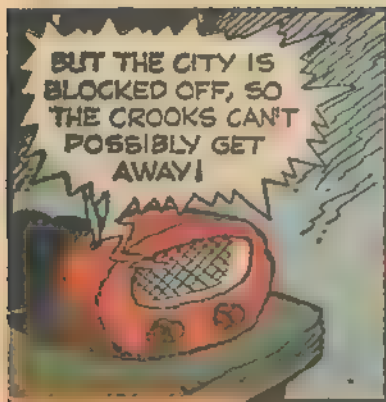
Hanna-Barbera
The FLINTSTONES

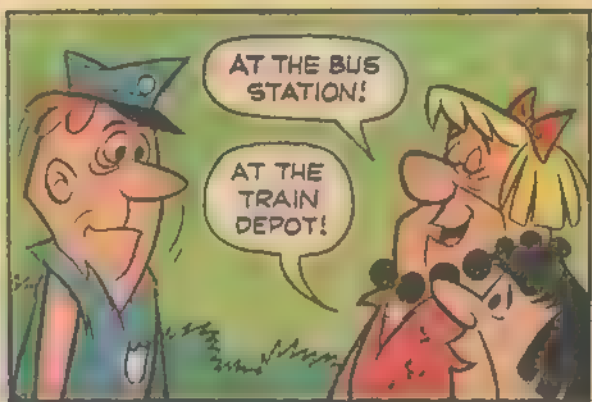
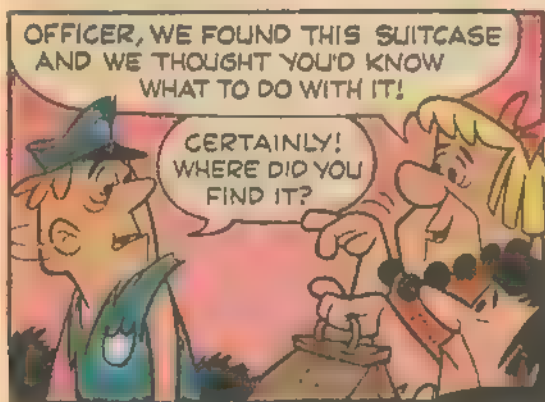
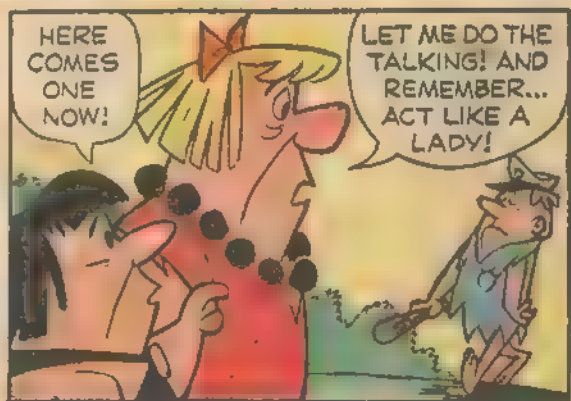
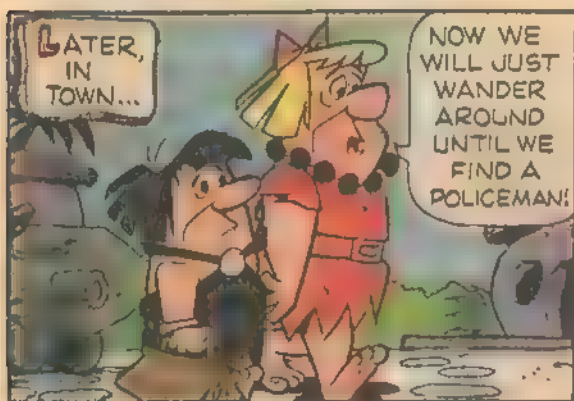
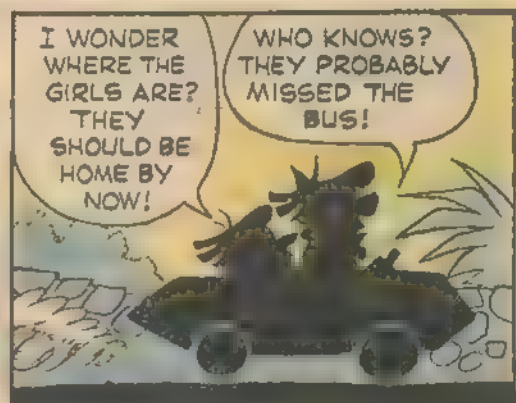
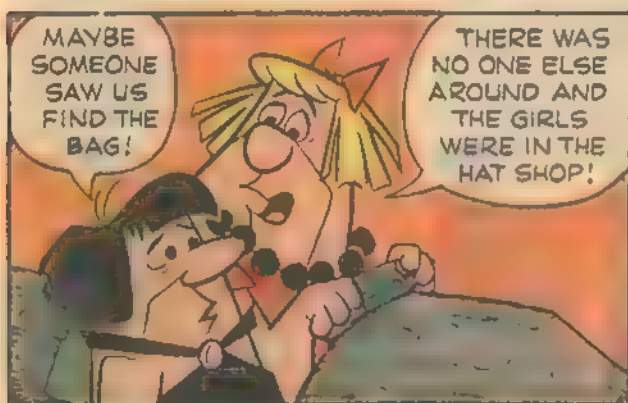
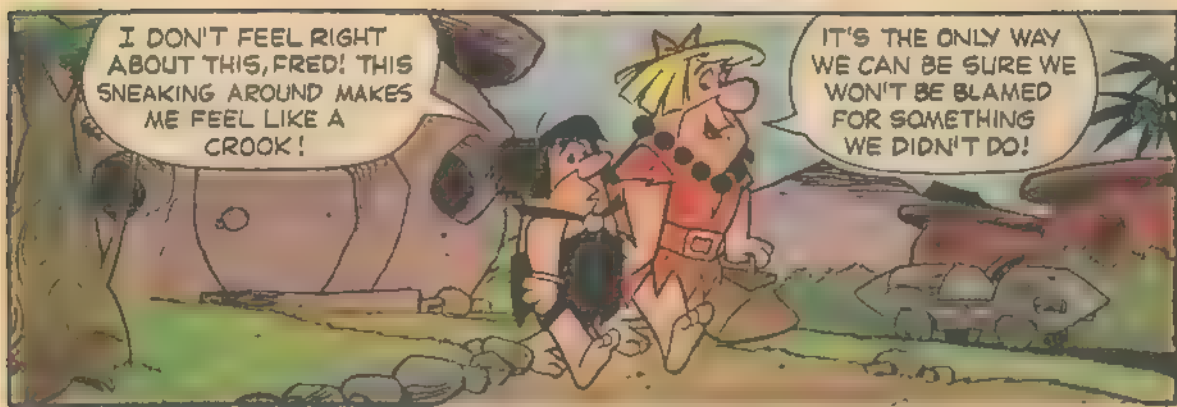
REPRINTED
BY POPULAR DEMAND

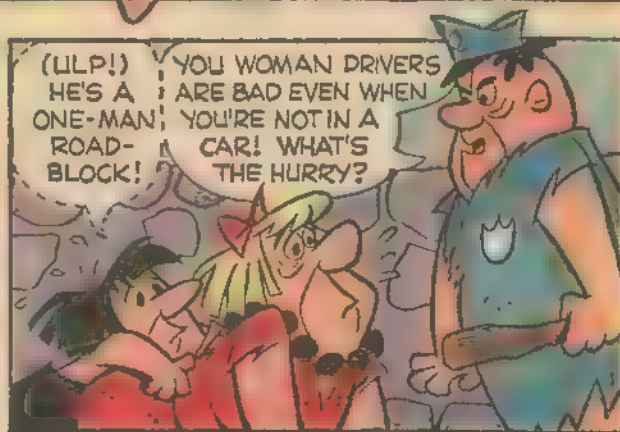
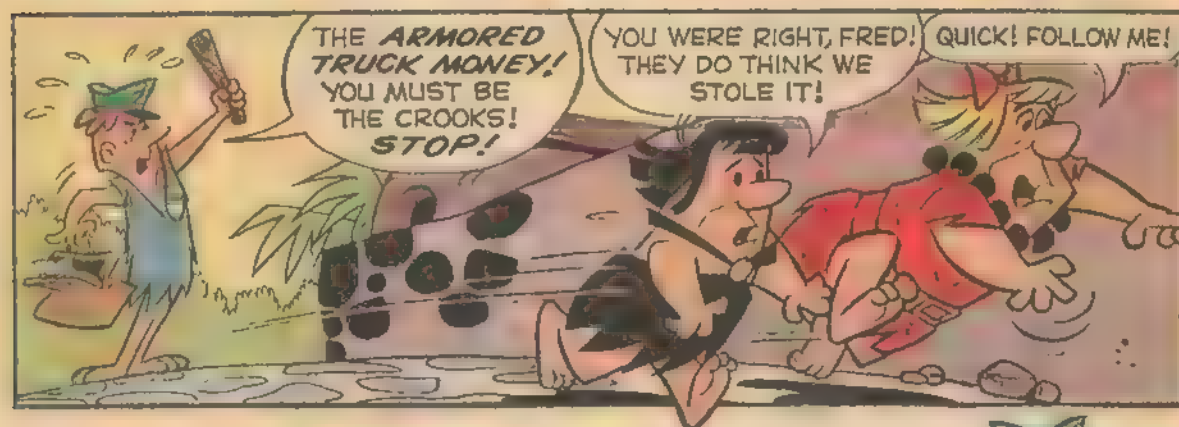
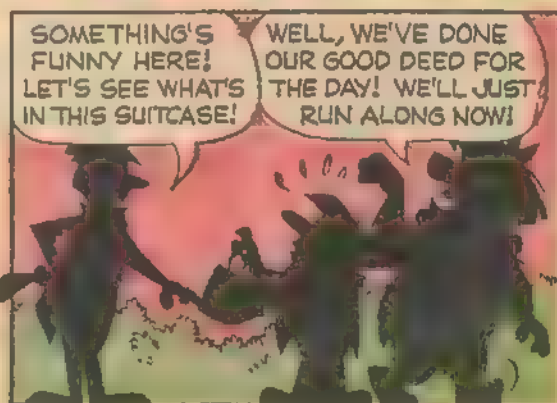
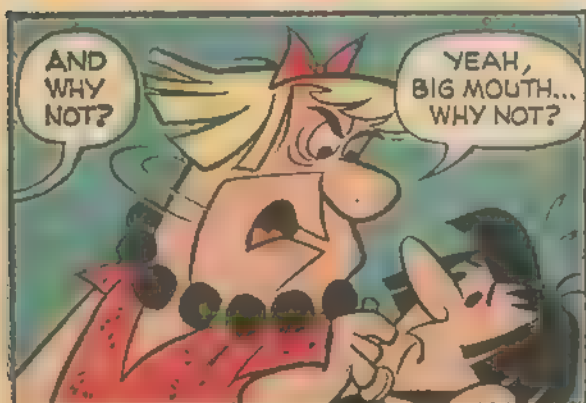
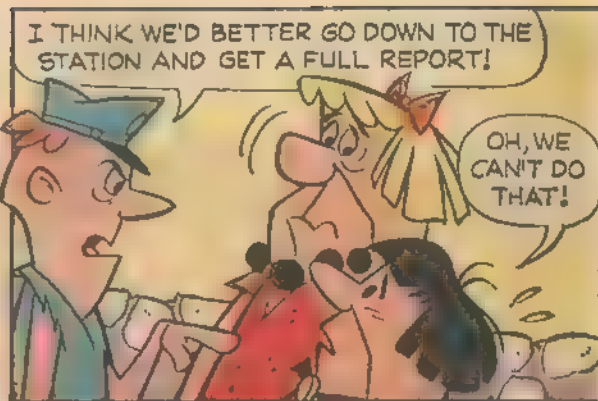
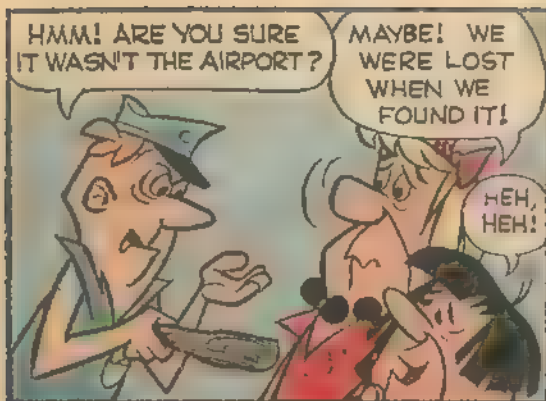
MONEY MATTERS...A LOT

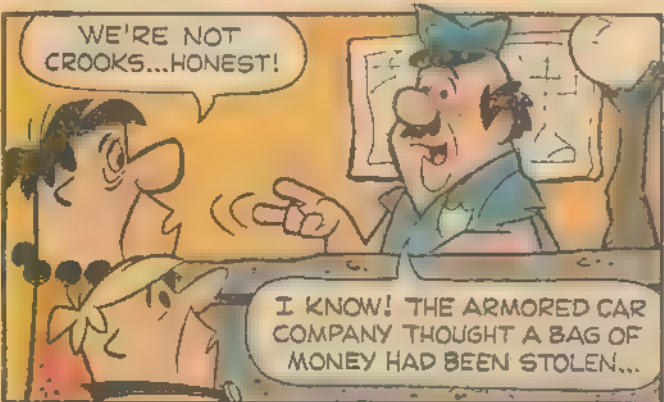
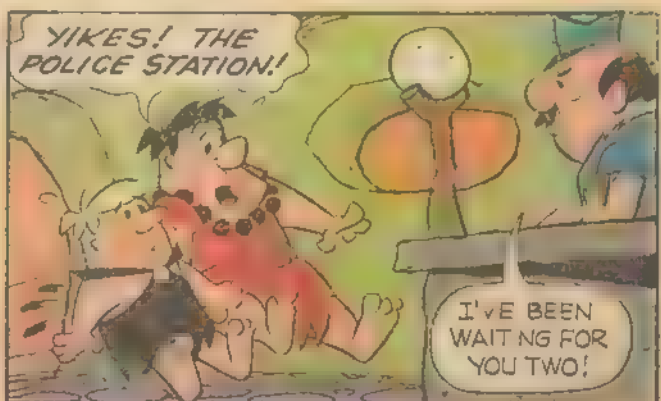
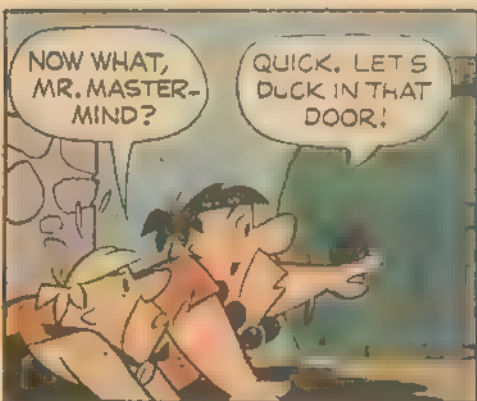
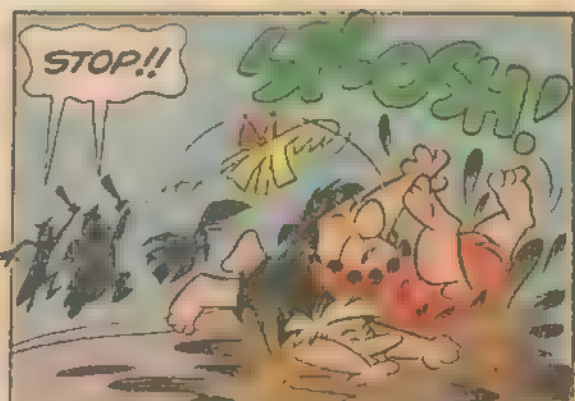
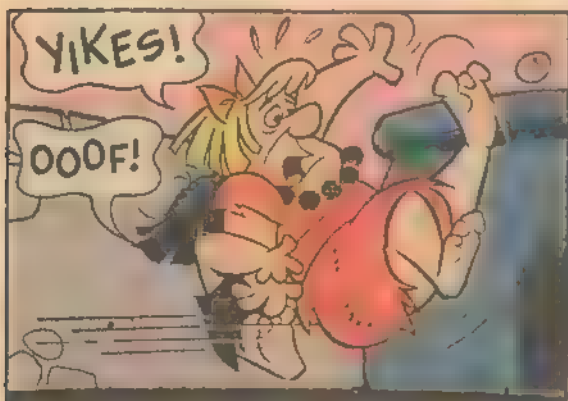
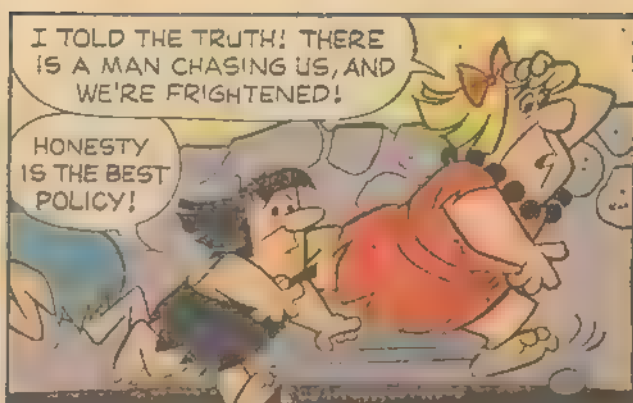
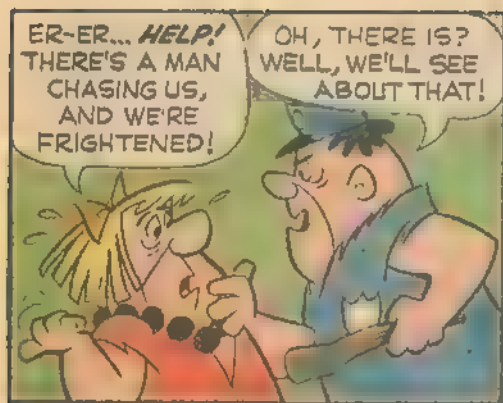


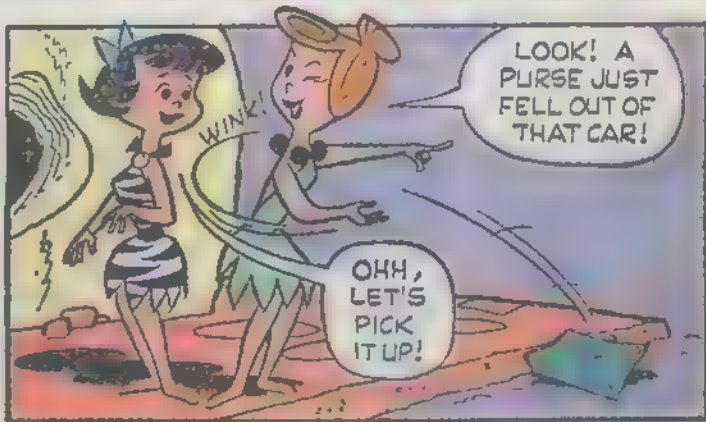
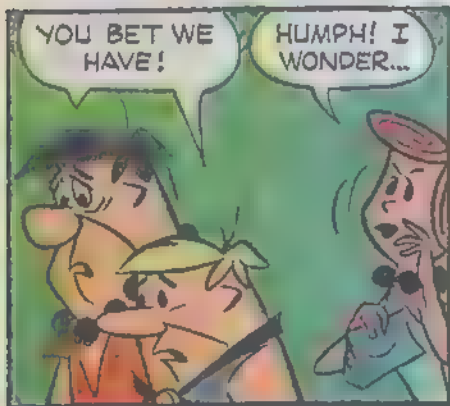
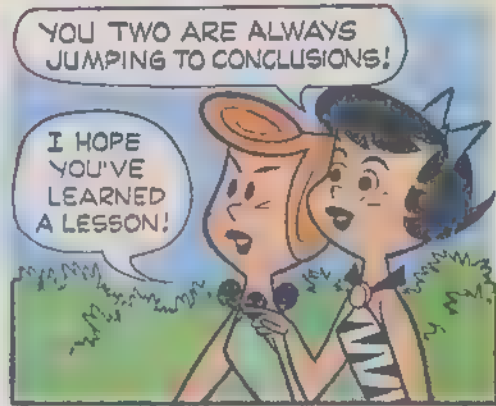
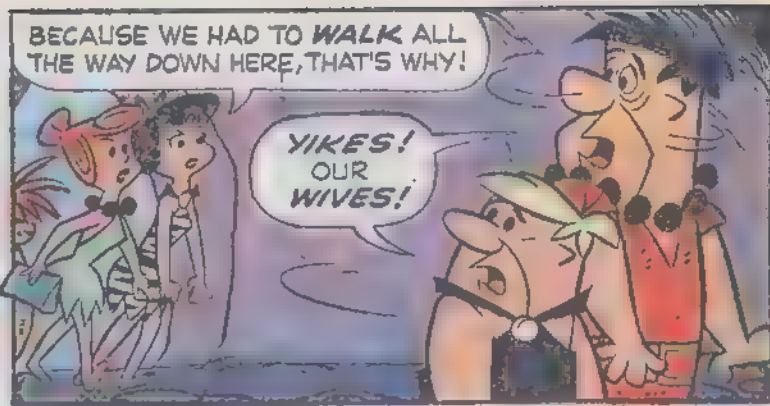














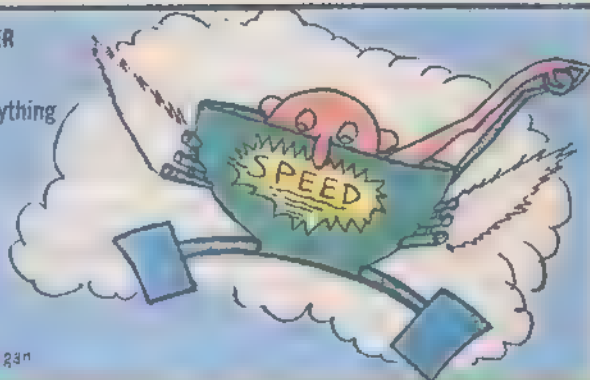
Reader's Page MONSTERS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

© 1970, BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC

SPEED MONSTER

Speeds over anything in his way.



Phil Jingozi
Schenectady, Michigan



FISH MAN



Wants to eat fish but doesn't like to eat it.

Loren Brown
Eureka, California

TOOTH MONSTER



Instead of brushing his teeth, he eats the toothbrush.

Dan Hultquist
Longview, Washington

BAT MONSTER



Hits a home run every time.

Sam Seastone
Potomac, Maryland

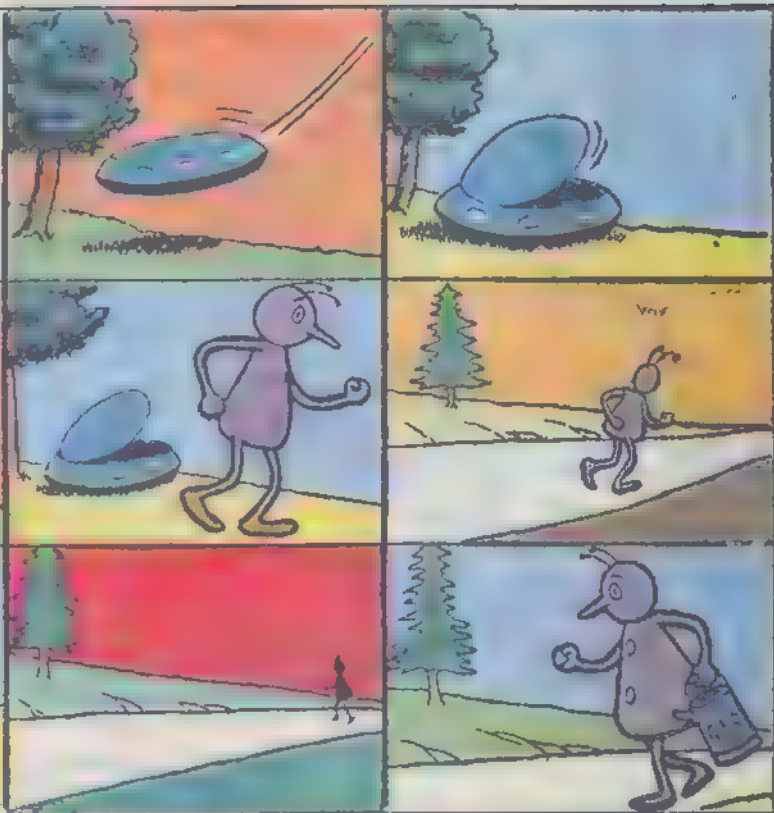
Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

ADDRESS
ALL
MAIL TO:

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB
WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.
NORTH ROAD
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. 12501



MINI-COMICS



© 1970, WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

APPROVED FOR VETERANS

Coast-to-Coast Shortage of Trained Draftsmen Opens Thousands Big Salary Jobs for Beginners!

Now you can take your pick of thousands of big salary jobs open to Draftsmen (see "help wanted" sections of metropolitan newspapers). Huge nationwide demand... U.S. Dept. of Labor reports "42% more Draftsmen needed in next 10 years—not enough applicants to fill drafting jobs available now." Our easy "Quick Learn" Method has helped hundreds toward good income, security and prestige as Draftsmen. Why not you? **YOU NEED NO DRAWING SKILL... NO TECHNICAL ABILITY**

NASD's staff of Professional Draftsmen guide you step-by-step. With our spare time home-study plan you work on actual projects. Makes learning fun—easy to remember, too. Many graduates have succeeded with only grade school training. Others report good earnings drafting part time while still learning!

...when you train at home with NASD for a
HIGH PAY JOB IN DRAFTING!

THESE **3 BIG DRAFTING KITS* GIVEN TO YOU!**

Earns \$820 Month!

"My first position after completing your course jumped my income from \$350 to \$820 per month." — G. W., Tenn.

Big Promotion!

I was promoted from the production line ahead of 4 others and got a good pay raise! — W. A., Wis.

*Precision Drawing Instrument Set, Professional Drafting Board Outfit & Fingertip Tilting Drafting Table are given to you with your complete North American Course in Drafting.

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE KIT...

Mail coupon today for FREE "DRAFTING CAREER KIT," Sample Lesson, Drafting Aptitude Test including new 5-Way Drafting Instrument & 20 page Book "Your Future in Drafting" — jam packed with revealing facts on your opportunities to win top pay and job security in Drafting. No salesman will call! Everything sent FREE and WITHOUT OBLIGATION. Write today!

North American School of Drafting, Dept. 2212
4500 Campus Dr., University Plaza, Newport, Calif. 92560
Rush "DRAFTING CAREER KIT", including Book, Sample Lesson, Aptitude Test & Drafting Instrument — ALL FREE! No salesman will call. G.I. Approved.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

A home study program in association with Cleveland Engineering Inst.



JOKES ON YOU



Riddle: Why did the pilgrim get up at sunrise?
Answer: Because he was an early American.

Billie Smith—Mexico, Texas

Lisa: Mother, will you change a dime for me?
Mother: Of course.

Lisa: Then change it into a quarter.

Sue Andrews—Adana, Turkey

Riddle: What vegetable do you find in crowded streetcars and buses?

Answer: Squash.

Debbie Jones—Willowick, Ohio

Son: Dad, can you write in the dark?

Dad: Yes — why?

Son: Then turn off the light and sign my report card.

Charles Capuccio—New York, New York

Riddle: What do girl ghosts put in their hair?
Answer: Booboo pins.

William E. Moore—Northport, Alabama

Riddle: Which is the left side of an apple pie?
Answer: The part that has not been eaten.

Margie Walz—Opa Locke, Florida

Riddle: What did the fire say when it melted the candle?

Answer: Excuse me, I'm a little overheated.

Jean Drake—Las Vegas, Nevada

Riddle: What's a cross between a dog and a chicken?

Answer: A poached egg.

Brenda Eatman—Cleveland, Ohio

Karen: Why are you running so fast?

Teresa: Because I don't know how to run slow.

Karen L. Paul—Banning, California

Jimmy: Did you hear about the hen that swallowed the yo-yo?

Jack: What happened?

Jimmy: She laid the same egg three times.

Ruth Ann Wiggins—Harlingen, Texas

Riddles: What is a cold war?

Answer: A snowball fight.

Jody Swartz—Pueblo, Colorado

Riddle: Why did the boy put the radio in the jack-in-the-box?

Answer: Because he wanted to hear pop music.

Mike Room—Denver, Colorado

John: Will I see you pretty soon?

Mary: What's wrong with me — don't I look pretty now?

Patti Brown—Honolulu, Hawaii

Mother: What are you looking for, Jane?

Jane: Nothing.

Mother: You'll find it in the box where the candy was.

Raymond Tom—San Francisco, California

Diner: Waiter, I'm in a hurry! Will the griddle cakes be long?

Waiter: No, sir — round!

Judy Wilner—Long Island City, New York

Riddle: Why does lightning shock people?

Answer: Because it doesn't know how to conduct itself.

Linda Hickey—Chicago, Illinois

Riddle: What is the end of everything?

Answer: The letter g.

Garnee Myhre—Baker, Montana

Tom: Did you hear the rope joke?

Dick: No.

Tom: Skip it.

Mark Kosminskas—Chicago, Illinois

Riddle: Where is a sick boat brought?

Answer: To the dock (doc).

Leean Auger—Manchester, New Hampshire

Will: Why do you comb your hair before you go to bed?

Phil: To make a good impression on the pillow.

Gerald Watkins—Danville, Kentucky

Customer: Can I put this wallpaper on myself?

Salesman: Certainly, but it would look better on the wall.

Joan Williams—N. Abington, Massachusetts

© 1970 WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

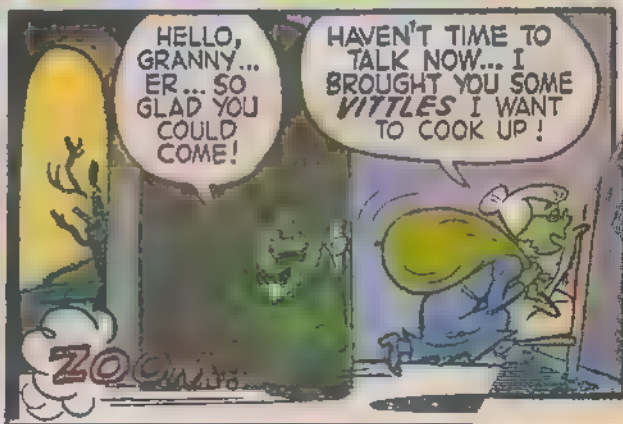
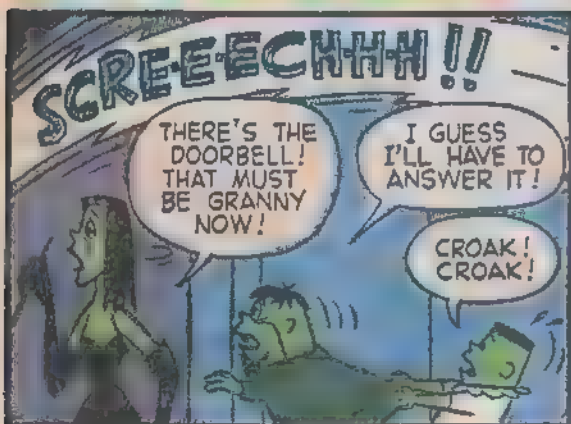
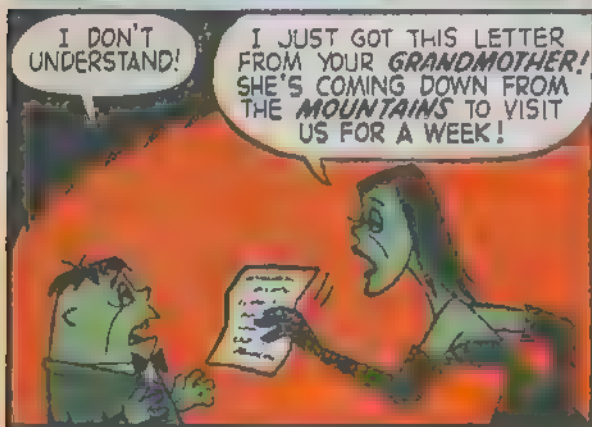
Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

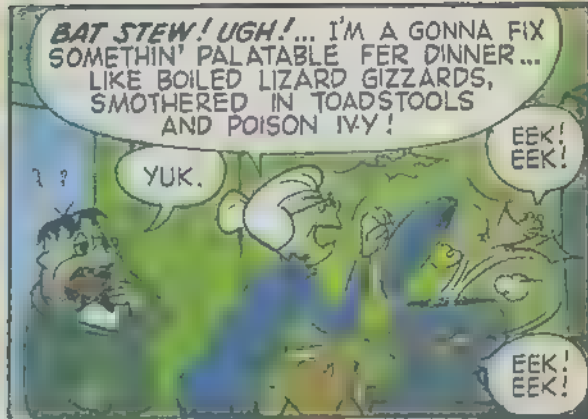
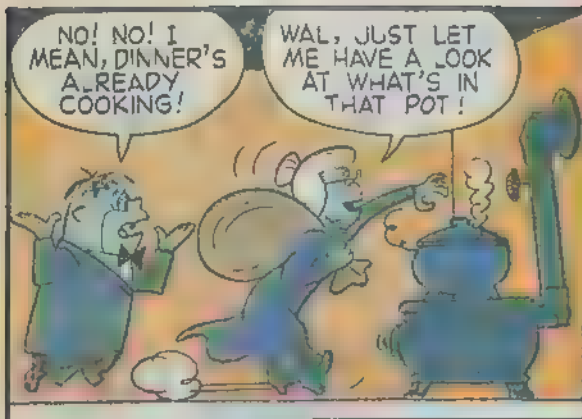
ADDRESS
ALL
MAIL TO:

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB
WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.
NORTH ROAD
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601

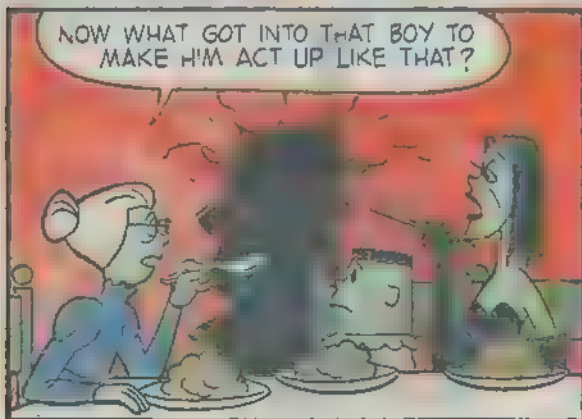
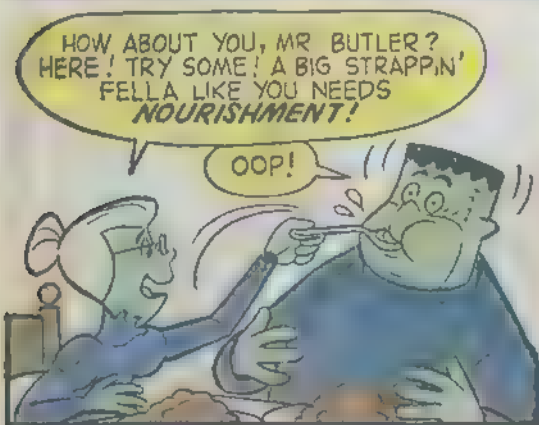
Hanna-Barbera MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST

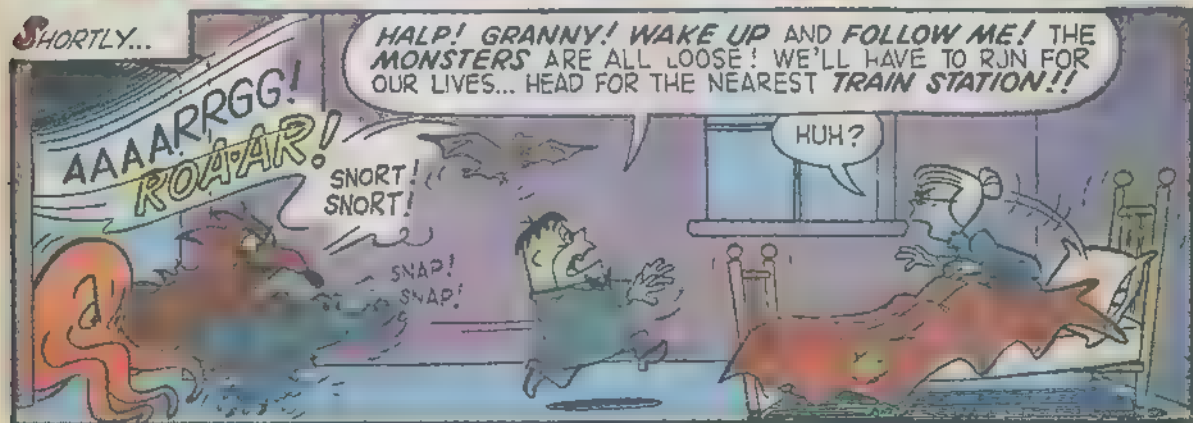
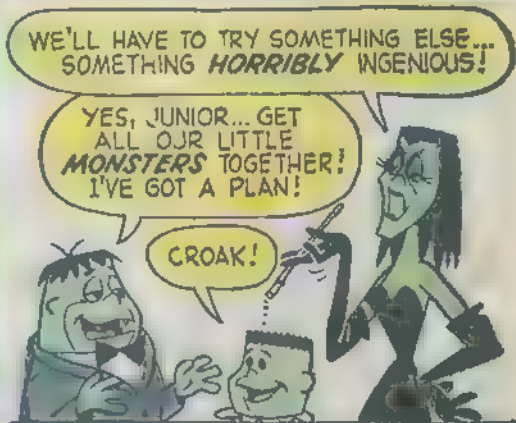
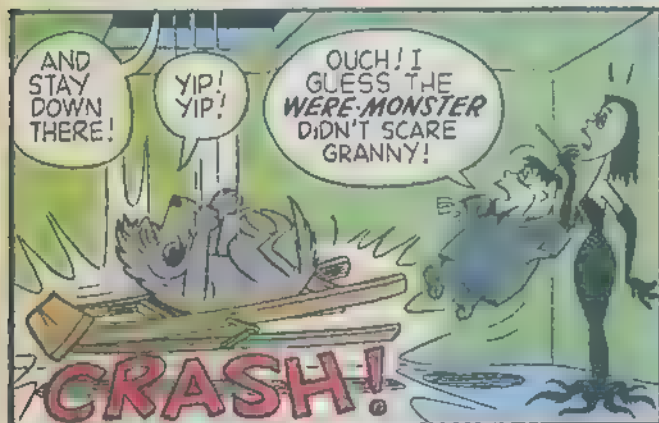
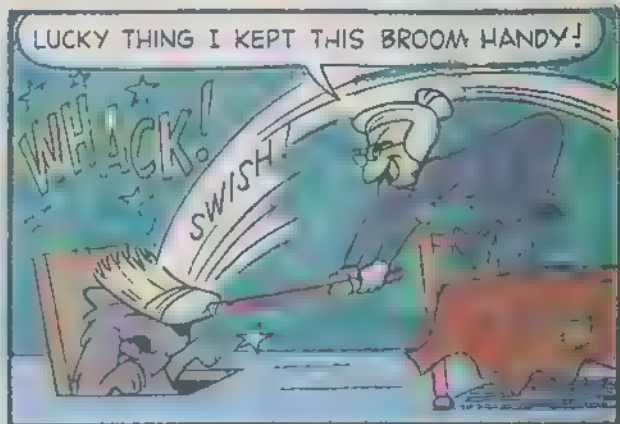
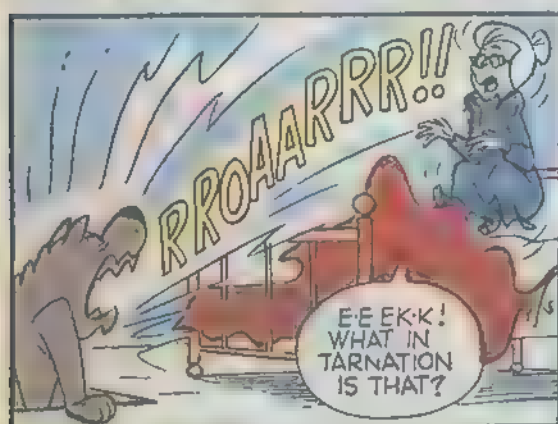
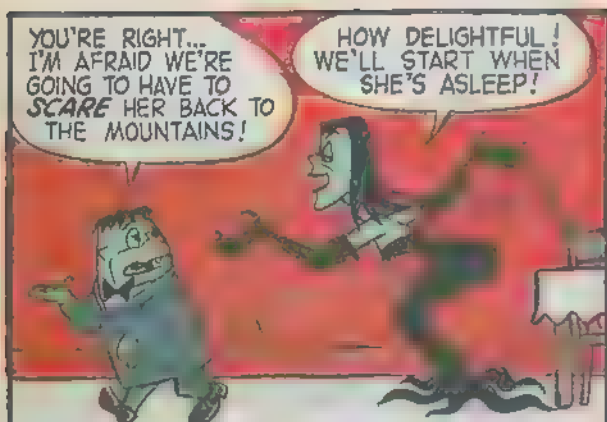
A VISIT FROM GRANNY

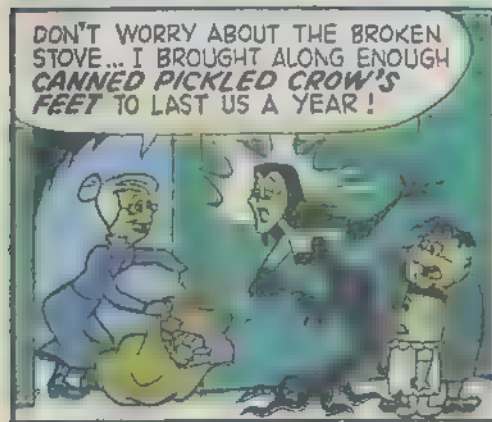
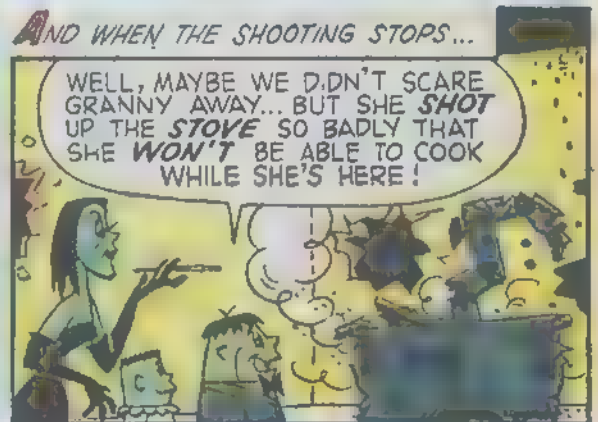
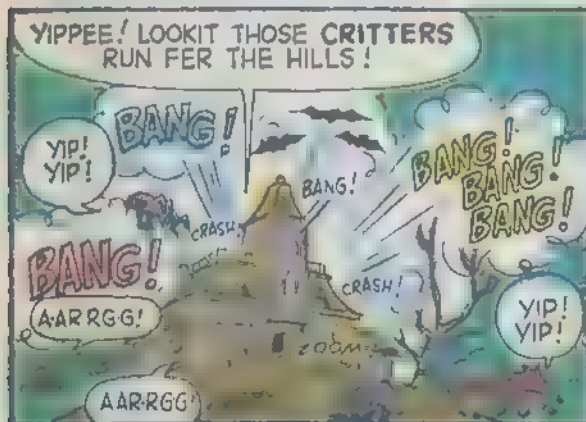
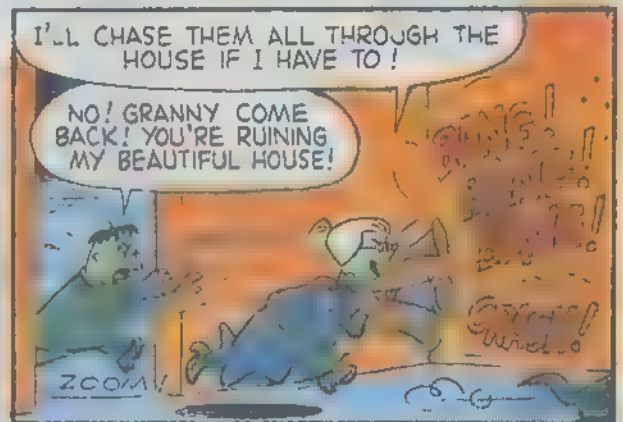
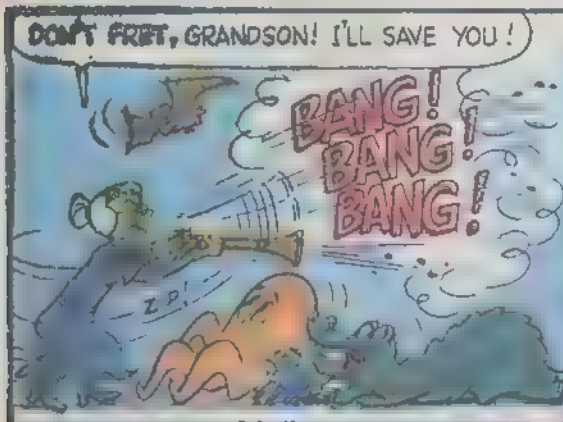
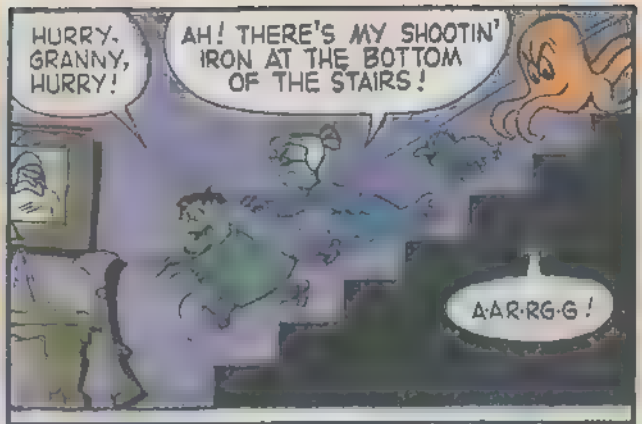
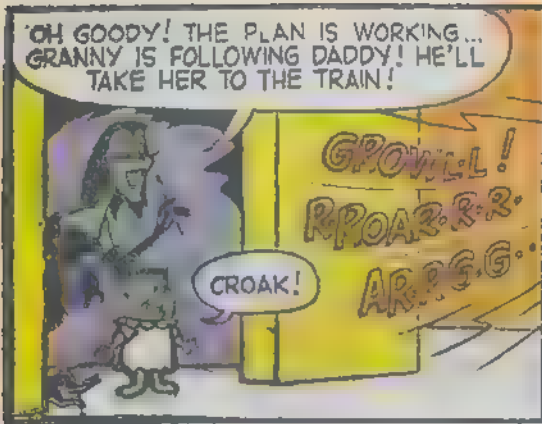




LATER THAT NIGHT AT DINNER...







GETTING the BUSINESS



Perry Gunnite was bored. "What a dull day!" he yawned. "No mysteries to unravel . . . no crimes to solve! Not even a teensy problem to unproblem!"

Perry, you see, is a Private Detective, or Private Investigator, otherwise known as a Private Eye . . . well, let's face it . . . he's just a Plain Snooper.

Anyway, the snoop . . . er, investigating business was slow. For some reason, nobody had any problems. Or at least, if they did, they weren't calling Perry for help.

Indeed, there was a half-inch of dust on the telephone. As Perry gloomily dusted it off, he got an idea. "Why should I wait for people to call me?" he thought. "I'll go and look for business myself!"

So, he locked his office and started down the street. It wasn't long before he met a little girl who was crying loudly.

"What's the matter?" asked Perry.

"My dime! It's gone!" she sobbed.

"You mean someone stole it?" asked Perry hopefully. Even though it looked like a rather small case to work on, it seemed better than nothing.

"Oh, no!" the girl replied. "I dropped it down that drain in the street! And I was supposed to buy a doughnut for my daddy! He'll be very angry if I've lost it!"

"The drain . . . hmmm," Perry said, looking at the heavy iron grating which had to be lifted up in order to get at things — like dimes — which might have fallen through.

He peered down through the grating, but he couldn't see the dime. There was a pool of water at the bottom, left over from a recent rain. In all probability, the dime was down there under the water.

Always willing to help a lady in distress, Perry reassured her. "Don't worry," he said. "I'll get your dime in a jiffy!" Grasping the heavy grating, with many a grunt, groan and puff, he managed to lift it up so he could crawl down underneath. But as he got ready to lower himself, his foot slipped on the edge and he fell into the water below, making a huge splash! Luckily, it wasn't very deep, but as he crawled out dripping wet, he wasn't in any mood to go down again in search of a dime!

"Did you find my money?" the girl asked.

"No, I'm sorry," replied Perry, wiping the water from his face.

"But what on earth will I tell my daddy?" cried the little girl.

If there is anything Perry can't stand, it's a girl crying. "Don't worry," he replied, "I have the answer!" With that, he dug into his own pocket, pulled out a dime, and gave it to the little girl.

"Oh, thank you, mister!" she said, as she took the dime and ran off.

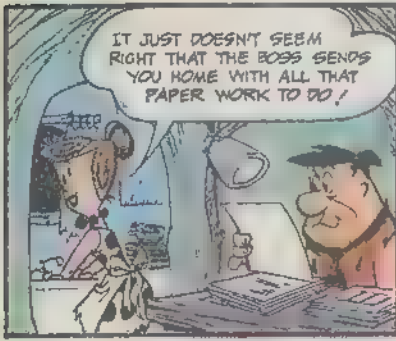
"AHCHOO!" said Perry. He had meant to say, "You're welcome!" but his feet were soaking wet, and he was well on the way to catching a cold.

Perry stood for a moment, watching the happy girl run down the street. Then he turned with a snuffle and walked back to his office. When he entered, the phone was ringing, but he just let it ring. It was probably someone with a job for him, but he'd had enough for one day.

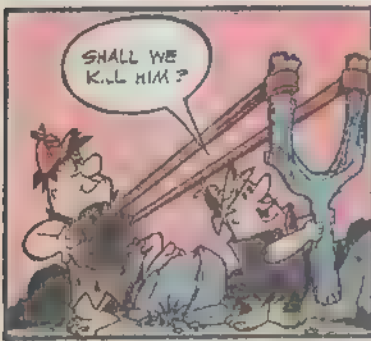
"AHCHOO!" he sneezed. "Just a few minutes ago I was bored, and looking for a job. But instead of catching a criminal, all I caught was a cold, and it cost me a hard-earned dime to boot!" he grumbled. "Some days it doesn't even pay to try!"



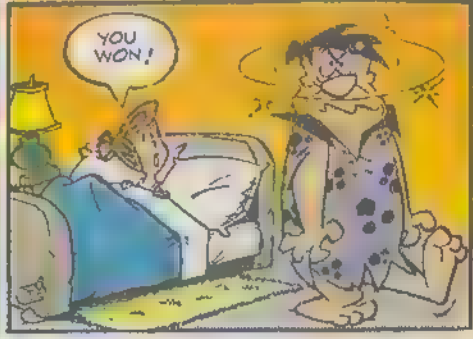
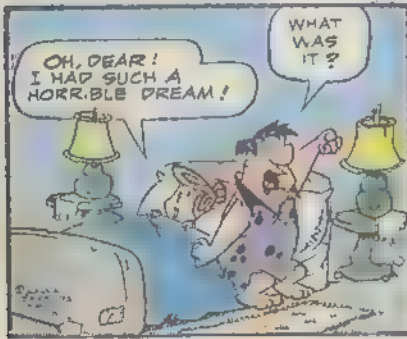
THE FLINTSTONES



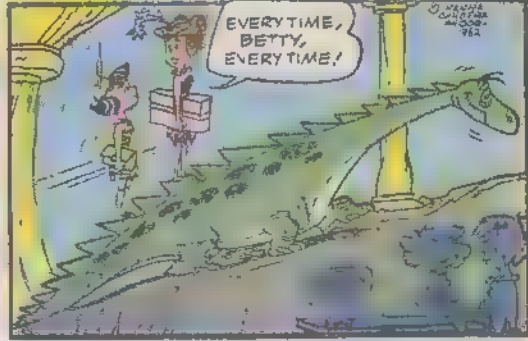
THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

FRED'S SECOND CHILDHOOD

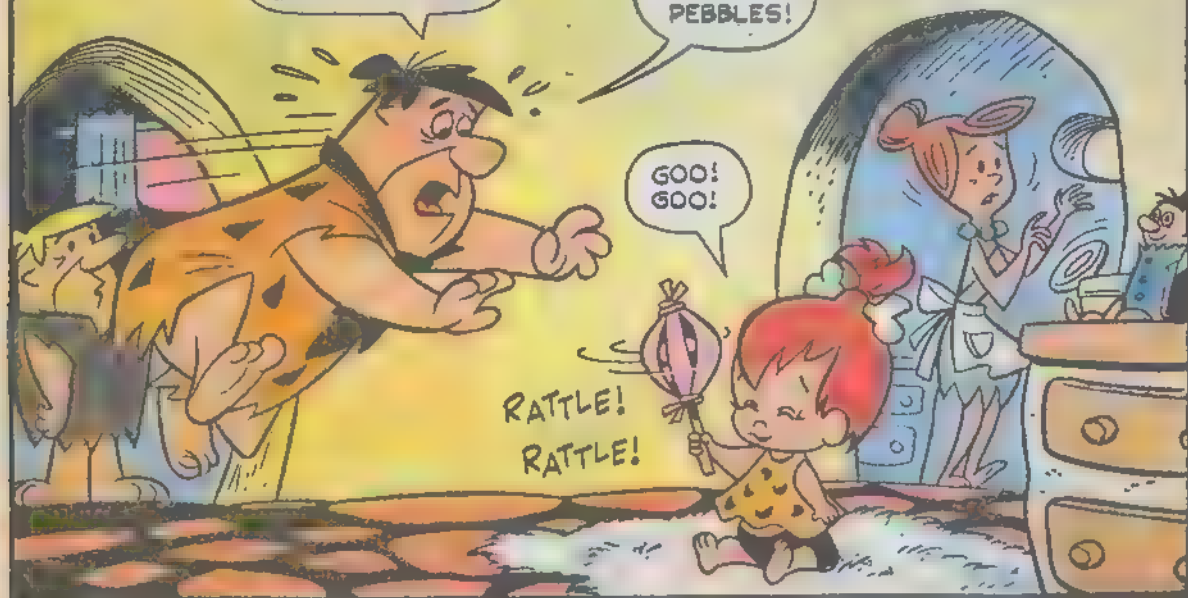
WILMA! HOW
COULD YOU?

GIVE TO
DADDY,
PEBBLES!

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR DEMAND

GOO!
GOO!

RATTLE!
RATTLE!



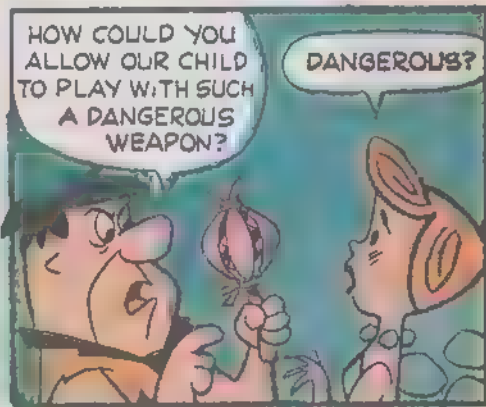
FRED
FLINTSTONE,
YOU SCARED
ME TO PIECES!
WHAT IS IT?

THIS:



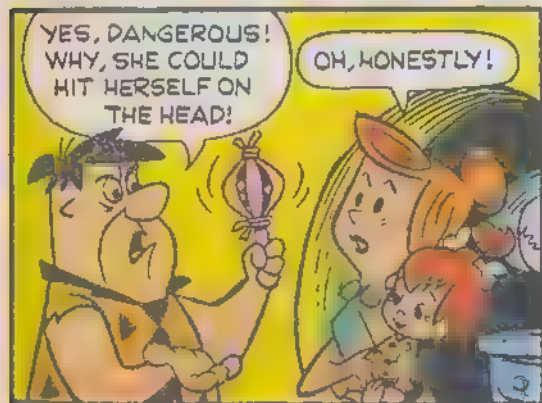
HOW COULD YOU
ALLOW OUR CHILD
TO PLAY WITH SUCH
A DANGEROUS
WEAPON?

DANGEROUS?



YES, DANGEROUS!
WHY, SHE COULD
HIT HERSELF ON
THE HEAD!

OH, HONESTLY!

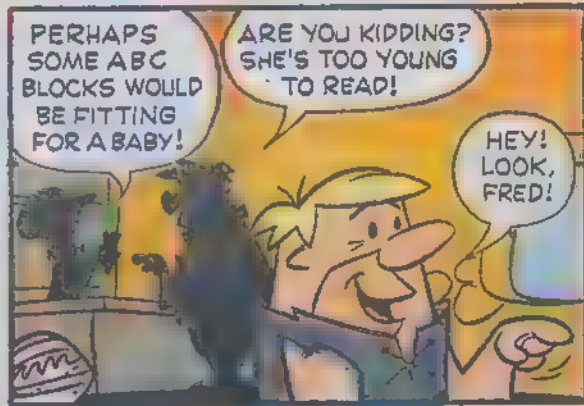
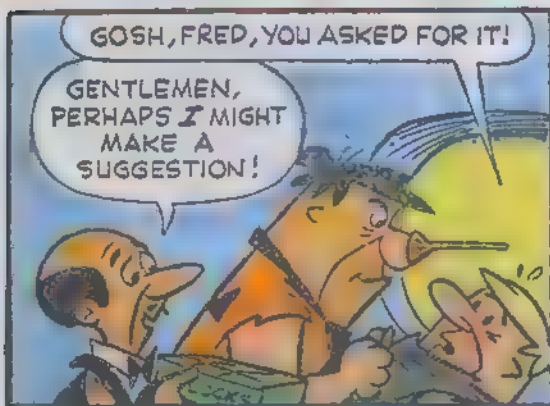
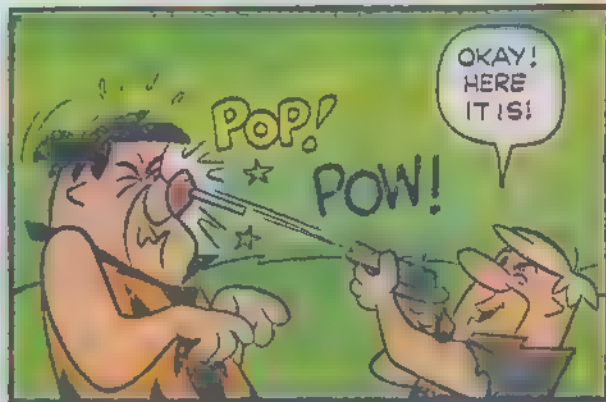
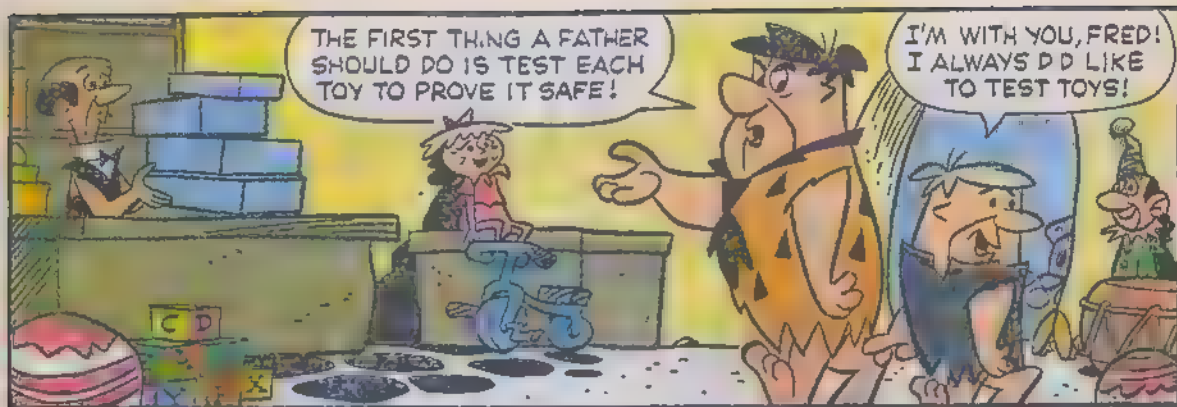


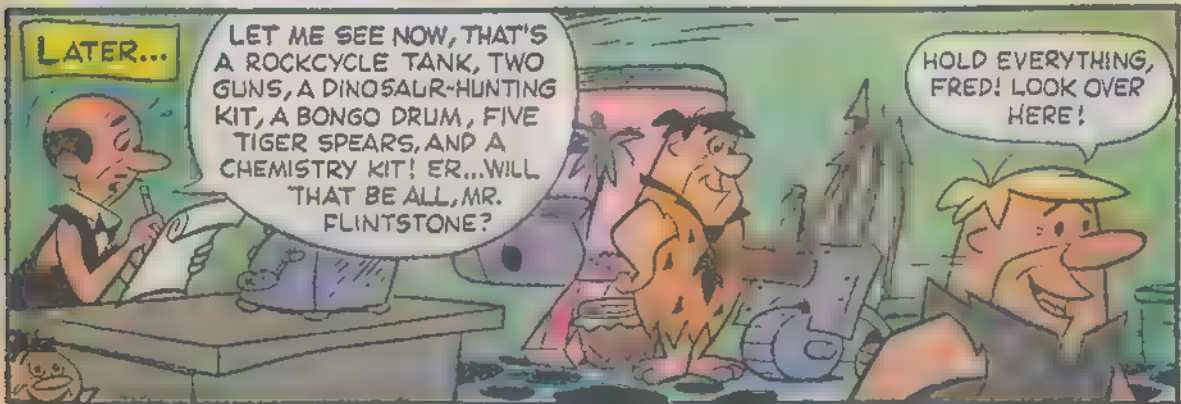
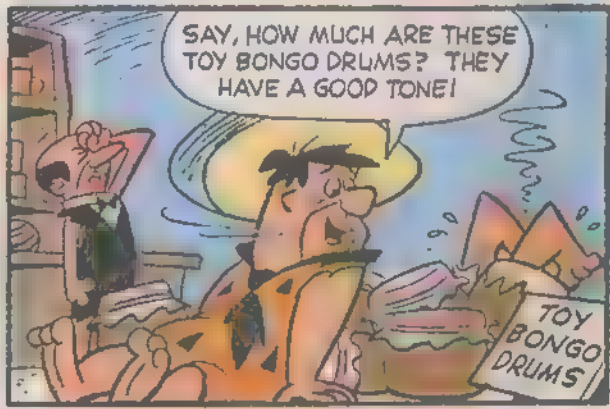
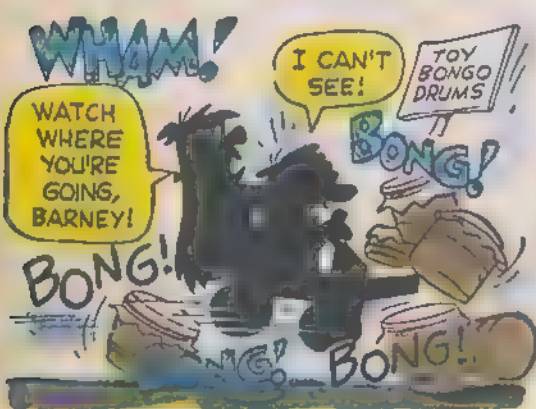
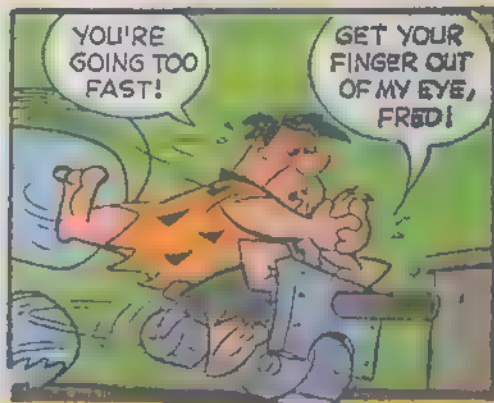
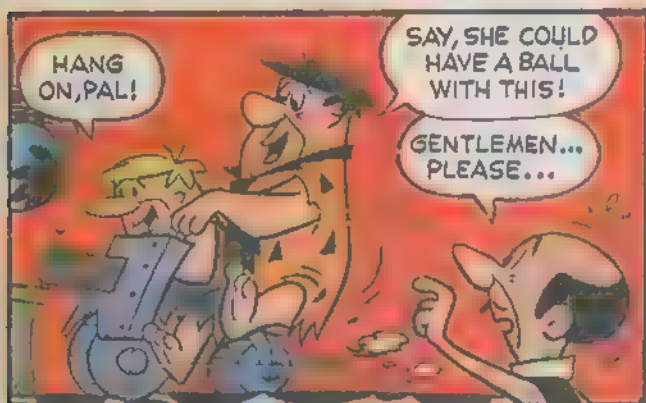
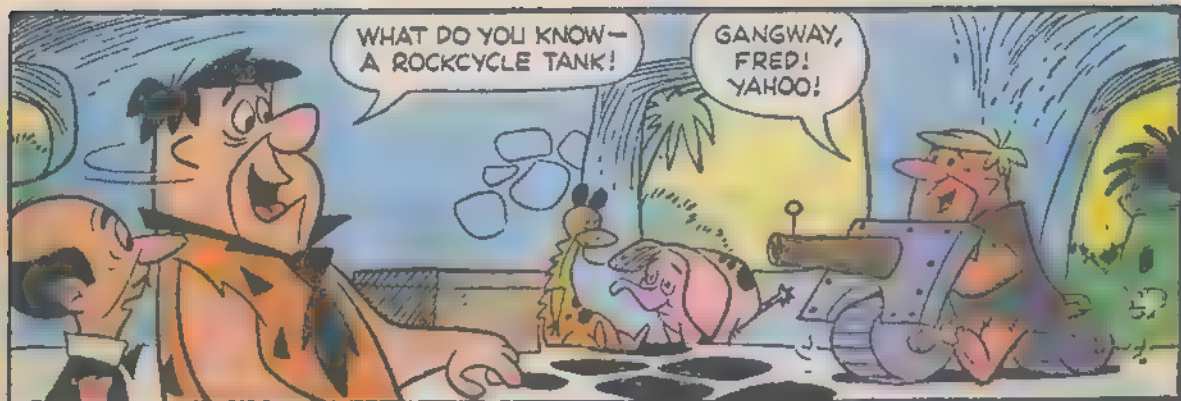
SOON...

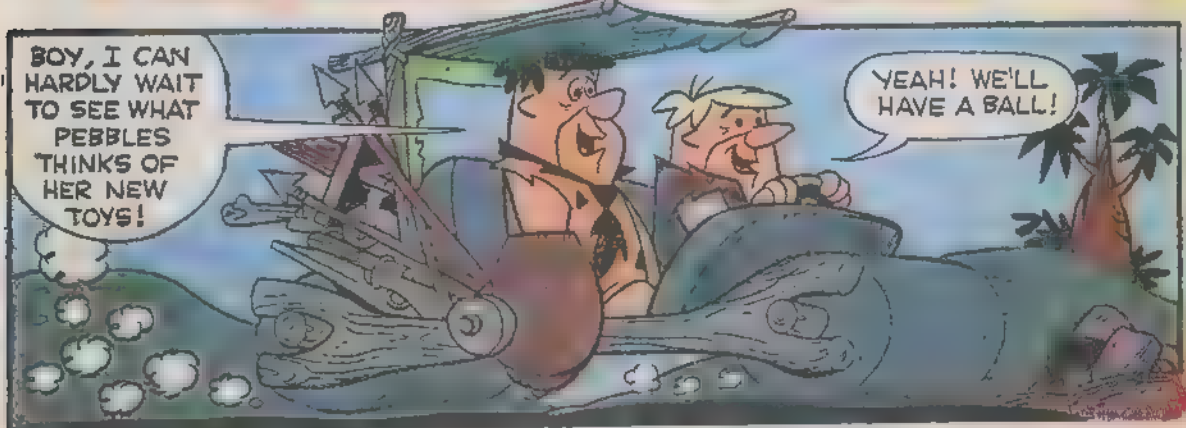
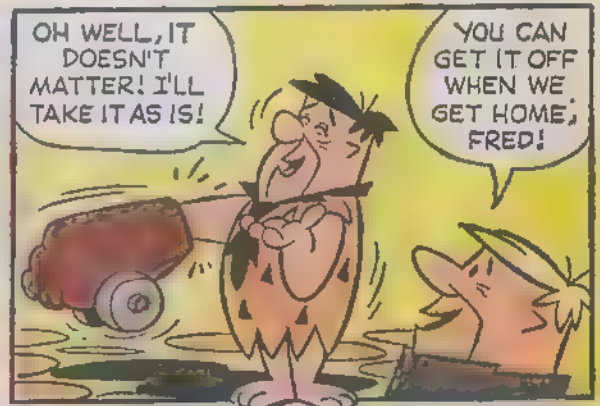
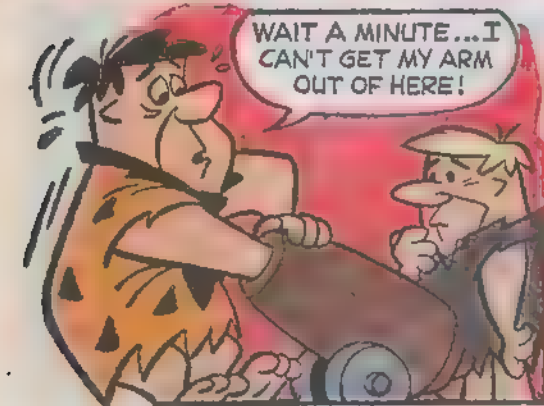
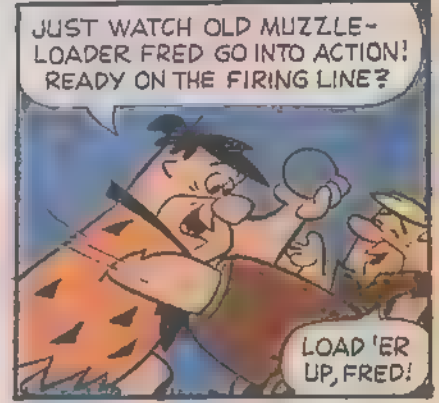
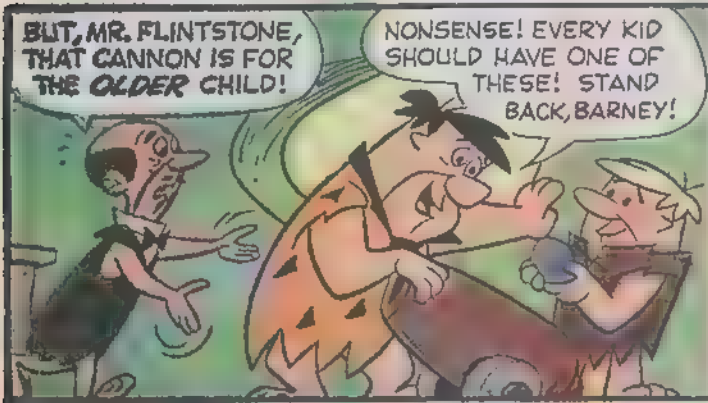
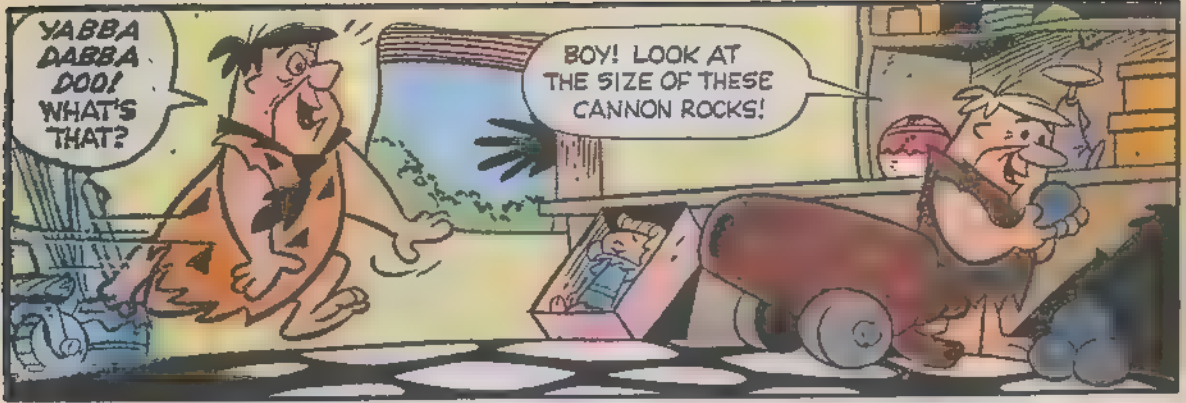
I TELL YOU, BARNEY, FATHERS
CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WHAT
THEY ALLOW THEIR CHILDREN
TO PLAY WITH! I'M GOING TO
THE TOY STORE TO PICK OUT
SOME SAFE TOYS!

SOUNDS LIKE
FUN! I'LL
JOIN YOU!

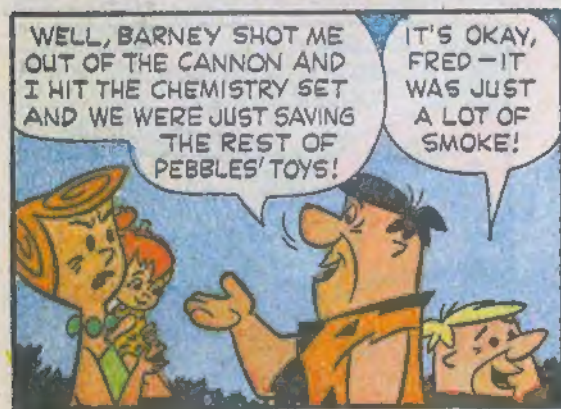














Reader's Page DOODLES

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

© 1970, WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.



Letter G

Holly Munter
Jericho, New York



Letter W

David Cairns
Toronto, Ontario, Canada



Number 9

Steve Wendelken
Cincinnati, Ohio



Letter Y

Karen Abele
Ridgewood, New York



Letter M

Pamela Boyer
Honolulu, Hawaii



Letter Z

Melvin Patty
Jamaica, New York



Letter B

Mike Heaton
Moses Lake, Washington



Numbers 3, 5

Jean Turner
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada



Letter q

Margaret Walton
Salem, Virginia

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

ADDRESS
ALL
MAIL TO:

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB
WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.
NORTH ROAD
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601

NO JOKE...HERE'S THE HAPPIEST
NEW HAPPENING OF THE SEASON!!

GOLDEN'S JOKES by CRACKY



- ★ More than one thousand of funniest, laughingest jokes by Cracky
- ★ A new Golden Magazine special by kids—for kids from 6 to 60
- ★ It's a fun 'surprise' gift for a friend...a great treat to buy for yourself...a just-right party favor.

It's a barrel-full of laughs...Jokes by Cracky...just 50¢ wherever magazines are sold. Get It now!